

# Harry Chapin, Country Dreams

This phone's growing into my ear  
I made three hundred calls today,  
Though yours is the only voice that I wanna hear  
I got to make me a living someway.  
I know you hate me doing this  
You say I'm selling out,  
But how in the hell is a mad s'posed to live?  
Selling's what it's all about.  
Hello, Sir, I'm the Pocano Land  
Development Company,  
And I'm calling you with an offer of some land  
That you'll just have to see.  
A quarter-acre plot, that's what I've got for you  
Nineteen ninety-five, four hundred dollars down  
And just ten bucks a week  
It's two short hours from New York City,  
A Pocano Land Site green and pretty.  
There's lakes there, and trout streams,  
Mountain views, Country Dreams,  
Contry Dreams.  
We dreamed our dreams in college, girl  
Back then we thought we should,  
And we promised that we would save the world  
Way back then we thought we could.  
I know you love your teaching now, but I wish you'd understand,  
There aren't that many jobs around, I'm doing the best I can.  
Hello, Sir...  
I'm here with forty other guys  
Crowded in a room,  
Making a living selling the moon  
And rustic dreams in June.  
I used to hate the city now I'm dwelling in it,  
Used to love the country now I'm selling it.  
I'm doing well at it,  
That's the hell of it!  
I said that we would find a farm  
And live out on the land,  
It's strange how dreams come back at us  
In ways that we had never planned.  
Here I'm selling real estate  
And laughing at myself,  
If I can't have my country dream  
I'm gonna sell it out to somebody else!  
Darling, don't get mad at me  
I'm doing this for you,  
It's really not so sad to see we had  
Growing up to do.  
Please don't push me anymore  
It's gonna work out fine,  
I know I said I'd quit before  
But just give me a little more time.